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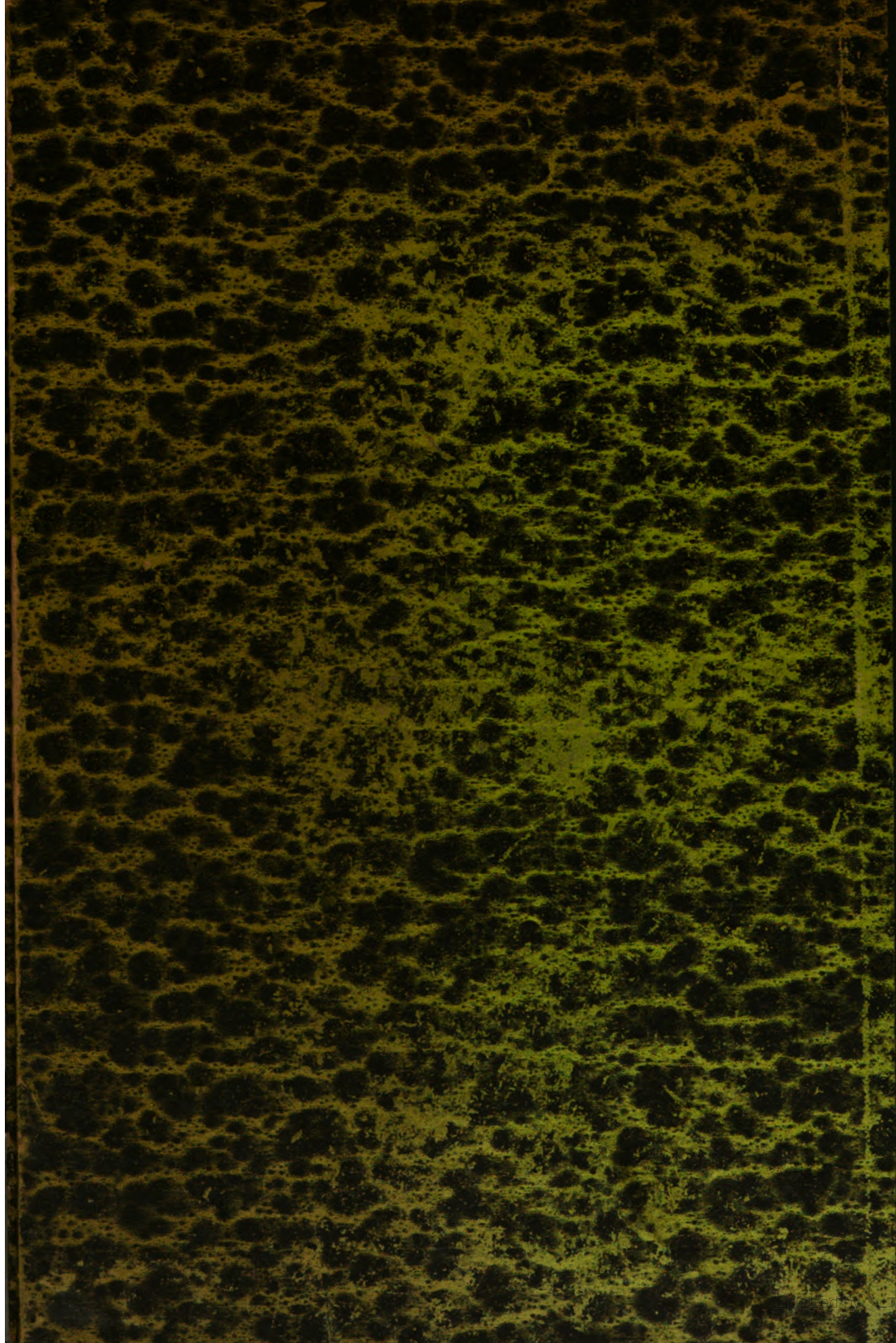

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Wer kennt die Kraft der Prisen nicht
Bei üblen, bösen Düften!
Ihr Herren denkt, wie oft gebricht
Der Aerzte großen Künsten.

Ein Mittel, wie der Toback ist!
Ha! wenn nicht Toback wäre,
Blieb mancher, wie ihr Alle wißt,
Verstopft bei meiner Ehre!

Ich will dies von den Nasen nicht,
Ihr Herrn ausschliessend sagen;
Wer hier es wagt und widerspricht,
Mag die Klystiere fragen.

Drum frische Pfeiffen eingeweiht
Den Dosen frische Prisen!
Daß alle Nasen weit und breit
Es dreimal laut bewiesen.

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Man dünket sich der Großsultan
Bei einer langen Pfeiffe,
Mit Knaster füllt die Köpfe an,
Das giebt Gedankenreife!

Auf jauchzet All' und triumphirt,
Ob der wohlfeil'ren Preise,
Womit der Toback bald geziert,
Zur Nase macht die Reise.

Und All' ihr Nasen öffnet euch,
Die sich in Dosen tauchen;
Ihr Herrn und Frau'n in unserm Reich,
Die gerne Prisen brauchen!

Komm her du kleine weiße Nas'
Und laß dich recht beschauen,
Wenn sich dein Spitzchen mit dem Maß
Vom Toback läßt bethauen.

Und roth dies Tröpchen und so hell
An deiner Spitze zittert,
Indeß dein kleines Nasgestell,
Ein and'res Prieschen wittert.

Und vor Gedanken es nicht sieht,
Wohin der Balsam sinket,
Vor lauter Tobacksappetit
Es mit den Kaffee trinket.

O Anblick, dessen Wonne kaum
Kein Sterblicher beschreiben!
Vor welchem beide, Roß und Baum
Erstarrend stehen bleiben!

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ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER
DEC. 1, 1913

Frei wird der Toback wieder sein,
Ihr lieben Tobacksschmauchen.
Viktoria! der Freude weih'
Sich jeder Pfeifenbrauchen!

Wär uns der Toback nicht beschert,
So wär das ganze Leben
Nicht einen rothen Heller werth,
Ich mögt ihn nicht drum geben.

Sagt uns ihr klugen Herren nicht,
Daß wir sein nicht bedürfen,
Er ist uns Noth wie Tageslicht,
Wie auch das Kaffeeschlürfen.

Wir lassen wohl Pastete stehn,
Wenn uns das Pfeifchen winket,
Ihr Herren, öfters ists geschehn,
Daß man nicht ißt noch trinket.

Wenn man in bona pace nicht
Sein Pfeifchen konnte schmauchen,
Und sich die blauen Wolken nicht
Sah um die Nase rauchen,

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Das

Lied auf den Toback.

von

Steffen Knasterbart.

Berlin, 1798.

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Das Lied auf den Tobak

1798

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